Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

VOLUME II.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, OCT. 7, 1882.

NUMBER 28

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oneign to "C. D. M. S. Co., Melrose, California."

1-21-ly

WILLIAM P. MILLER, General Manager.

A hawk once courted a white little dove, With the softest of wings and a voice full of with the solve:
love:
And the hawk—oh! yes, as other hawks go—
Was a well enough hawk, for aught that I
know.
But she was a dove,
And her beight young life
Has been nurtured in love,
Away from all strife.

Mismated.

Well, she married the hawk. The groom was delighted; A feast was prepared, and the friends all invited.
(Does any one think my story's not true?
He is curtainly wrong—the facts are not new.
Then he flew to his nest
With the dove at his side,
And soon all the rest
Took a squintat the bride.

A hawk for his father, a hawk for his mother A hawk for his sister, a hawk for his brother And uncles and aunts there were by the

And uncles and aunts there were by the dozens.

And oh! such a number of hawks for his They were greedy and rough—
A turbulent crew,
Always ready enough
To be quarrelsome, too.

To the dove all was strange; but never a word in resentment she gave to the wrangling she In resentment one gave
heard.
If a thought of the peaceful, far-away nest
Ever haunted her dreams or throbbed in her
breast,
No bird ever knew;
Each bour of her life,
Kind, gentle, and true
Was the hawk's dove wife.

died; Then loud was the gricf, and the wish all expressed To call the learned birds, and to hold an in-

est.
So all the birds came,
But each shook his head;
No disease could be name
Why the dove should be dead.

Till a wise old owl, with a knowing look, Stated this: "The case is as clear as a book; No disease do I knd, or accident's shock: The cause of her death was too much hawk! Hawk for her father, and hawk for her

mother.
Hawk for her sister, and hawk for her brother,
Was more than the delicate bird could bear:
She hath winged her way to a realm more
fair! She was nurtured a dove;
Too hard the hawk's life—
Void of kindness and love,
Full of hardness and strife."

And when he had told them the other birds knew That this was the cause, and verdict was true. -[Luna S. Peck, in Vermont Watchman.

THE YORKE BEACH.

"It's somebody with a name six sylla-bles long," said the landlord, looking into the lining of his coarse straw hat, as if he expected to find the trouble-some epithet there. "It ain't a professor, nor yet a philosopher, nor a pedes trian"-with a gasp at each of the hard words-"but it's something that begins with a P. And he's hunting for shells -all sorts of queer, outlandish shells, as isn't to be come across every day.
"Do tell!" said the landlord's wife.

"Perhaps he's going to grind them into fertilizing powder, or macadamize a road with them." "Then he's an editor," said Mrs.

Stubbs. " 'Tain't quite that, neither," said Mr. Stubbs, slowly. "But it's something very wise and learned. So I told him he'd better go to Yorke's. The woman there has a mortal nice collection of out-of-the-way shells. And I've heard of their selling shells to them as fancied them, for all they're such

high-toned gentlefolks."
That had been Mr. Silas Stubbs' advice, and Mr. Cleve, the paleontologist, had taken it, and was even walking along the shingly beach, where the waves curled in foamy fringes almost up to his feet, and the trails of blackish scawced showed the high-water mark. Judge Yorke-he had been judge, nobody knew how many years ago, of some petty court in a Southern city, before the Yorke estate had melted in the fiery furnace of litigation, and he had fled northward in search of the business which never came—sat out on the tum-ble-down veranda with the air of an exiled prince. He was white-haired and rubicund-visaged, and his slippers were down at the heels, and his red cashmere dressing-gown was patched with quite a different pattern, and his wristbands were frayed, and the lack of buttons on his shirt-front was made good with a pin. But when he saw the stranger lift the latch of the rickety gate he advanced to meet him with a

patronizing urbanity which was little short of overwhelming. He listened to Mr. Cleve's self-introduction with a royal smile; he welcomed him as if the old house were a palace; he made haste to introduce him to "Mrs. Yorke." Mrs. Yorke was a tall, golden-heired young woman, with her lovely tresses tucked untidily into a net, her dress decidedly the worse for wear, and her ex-quisite face burned by the impress of the sun and wind. But the flash of her

"Will the gentleman stay to dinner?"

Mrs. Yorke asked the judge; "because we have only some porgies and samphire. But if he cares for such simple

brilliant blue eyes was like sunshine it-

phire. But if he cares for such simple fare, he is welcome."

Mr. Cleve accepted the simply given invitation. The judge was like a piece of old porcelain—cracked and damaged, it might be, but still genuine. Mrs. Yorke was a beauty, but quite young enough, the guest decided, to be her husband's granddaughter; and, besides, he wanted to k on what on earth por-

he wanted to k ow what on earth porgies and samphire could be.

There was no carpet on the diningroom floor, and the windows needed cleaning; but the china was fine, and they had some blackberries, early apples, and a few fine apricots in a centre-piece of silver, with "Y" engraved on the handles; and Mr. Cleve discovered

the porgies were a coarse-grained fish with a good deal of bone to them; also that samphire was a gelatinous vegetable, not unlike grass, which was gathered on the sea-beach and boiled with butter and vinegar. An old negress, whom Cleve mental-ly decided must be at least a hundred

years of age, waited, and kept off the flies with a brush of peacock's plumes. "She'lls? Yes, there were fine she'lls' the judge believed, "along the coast. Mrs. Yorke knew-Mrs. Yorke could tell him. Paleontology was a study which must always com-mend-it-self-" And the judge fell blandly and courteously asleep, with a smile on his

face.

Mrs. Yorke laughed.

"He's very old," said she, indifferentmind does that. Don't mind ly; "he often does that. Don't mind him. Did you say you wanted to buy shells? I will try and have some collect- about you?" said the paleontologist one ty acres. ed for you by this time to-morrow.

"Could I collect them for myself?" Mr. Cleve asked, with the eagerness of Mrs. Yorke's beautiful brow dark-

"No," she answered, curtly. "The coast is ours as far as the Rocky Point, and our people don't like to be interfered with. If you will come here this time to-morrow, I will have ten dollars'

worth of the shells for you." And to his amazement Mr. Cleve was compelled, perforce, to accede, though in his inner-most heart he doubted whether Mrs. Yorke was a judge of what would be ten dollars' worth of

And then the judge waked up and pretended never to have been asleep; and Mrs. Yorke sang some delicious lit-tle Louisiana ballads to the guitar; and the old negress hobbled in with a melon cut in slices and powdered over with sugar; and before Mr. Cleve knew it the

clock was striking eleven.

He walked home in the moonlight, with the tumultuous rush of the rising tide in his ears, while Mrs. Yorke's French ballads echoed musically through his brain, and her luminous blue eyes and burnished coils of golden hair haunted his recollection.

"It is the strangest, sweetest face I ever saw?" he muttered. "I believe I am more than half in love with her. If only that dilapidated old piece of Southern chivalry, the judge, would die, I should like to make that woman my

And then he smiled, out there in the moonlight, at the fantastic improbabili-

By the next morning's sunrise he was up and out on the glorious beach of sparkling sand, with the sea wind fanning his face and a whole battery of electricity tingling through his pulses.

Nothing seemed too much or too difficult to achieve. He climbed dizzy peaks; he walked miles; he stood on solitary promontories, where gulls flew shricking around his ears, until at last he found himself on a level stretch of

"Eureka!" he exclaimed to himself, as he stooped to pick up an exquisite shell, rose-tinted, and convolvulated in rare curves, which lay blushing at his

At the same moment, a boat containing a tall figure wrapped in an old black serge cloak came rocking around the point, and a voice cried, sharply:
"Halt, there! Hands off! You are

trespassing on the Yorke Beach! Put down that shell, or I'll shoot!" And the barrel of a revolver glistened in the sunshine.

"I beg your pardon!" stammered Mr. Cleve, promptly dropping the shell. "I wasn't aware that-The Lorelli of the tides uttered a cry.

"It's Mr. Cleve!" said she,
"And it's Mrs. Yorke!" retorted our

The golden-tressed beauty put down the revolver in the stern of the boat, sprang lightly over its gunwale, and came up the beach with her cheeks all

mantled with blushes.
"Yes," said she, "it is I. I believe you are a gentleman, and I may as well be frank with you. We are genteelly poor at the house. All the income we have is derived from the sale of these rare shells, which I pick up myself, for we have no servant except old Cardac, and she is too stiff and old to come here. My father-in-law has never been quite himself since my husband was killed in a railroad accident, three years ago-"Your husband!" repeated Cleve. "Killed! Then you are not—Judge Yorke's wife?"

"I?" cried the blue-eyed enchantress, -"I the wife of that old man!" And then, with the crimson flush of her unpalatable confession still on her cheeks. Mrs. Yorke broke into a peal of girlish laughter. Cleve took the basket

"Let me help you," said he; "I am a judge of these beauties. I am gathering shells to illustrate a new volume on the subject of paleontology. And I want all the rare specimens which can be found along these coasts."

And the landlord of the "Fisherman's Retreat" could not imagine what made his guest so late to breakfast upon that particular morning, and so distrait when at last he did come.

As for beautiful Mrs. Yorke, she went home with a new light in her eyes, surveyed herself critically in the glass, and, after she had fastened up the braids of her hair in a new fashion, set herself to work to repair the damages in her afternoon dress.

"Because I live in this lonely spot," said she, "there is no reason that I should be a semi-savage. But there has been so little worth existing for, of

And she sang soft, glad roundelays to herself, like a robin, as she sewed. The judge looked sleepily at his daughter-in-law, across the lanch-table.

daughter-in-law, across the lanch-table.

"Did that very agreeable gentleman come for those shells, Cissy?" said he.

"We gathered them together," said Cecelia Yorke, smiling. "Here are ten dollars that he paid me. We are going again to-morrow, if it is pleasant. He is a great paleontologist, papa."

"Is he, indeed?" said the judge, his dim old eyes brightening at the sight of the gold coins. "Then perhaps our beach may turn out a mine of wealth

beach may turn out a mine of wealth yet-eh, Cissy?"

Mrs. Yorke smiled, and patted the

wrinkled, white old hand.
"I think, papa," she said, "I'm not certain, but I think there are good times in store for me yet."

The judge said he was glad to hear it. And then fell mildly asleep in his

When Mr. Cleve proposed to Cecelia Yorke, she made no scruple to confess that she liked him.

"But there's papa," she said, gently, but firmly. "I can never leave him. I promised my dead husband always to be a true daughter to papa." "And I honor you for it, my love," said the paleontologist. "He shall be an honored guest in our city home all winter; and in the summers we will

come out here and drink in the salt

breath of the Atlantic." But the very next night the old judge fell asleep in his chair and never woke again, and Cissy's work was over. She was married quietly to Mr. Cleve, and went to the city.

"Do you know, Cissy, what they say

evening after a grand scientific recep-

"What?" said Cissy, lifting the lark spur-blue eyes to his face.

"That you are the beauty of the sea-son," said Mr. Cleve.
"I!" cried Cissy, in amazement. "I always knew I was well-looking enough but I never thought myself beautiful."
"I did," said Mr. Cleve. "Even on
that first day at the seaside, when your hair was rough, and your dress untidy." And Cissy smiled and colored, and did not know whether to laugh or to be

Joe's Snake-Bite. A wealthy Missouri settler had a servant named Joe, a big, burly fellow, who was large enough to be brave, but who had the heart of a chicken. He who had the heart of a chicken. He was so easily scared that he never stopped to look when any thing startled him, but turned and ran like a frightened deer. One day he went out on the chill a short distance from the house, with a hunter named Bradish, who was an old friend of the family, to pick raspberries. While thus engaged his companion heard a doleful howl, and saw

Joe tumble down in the grass.
"O, me! O, I'm bit! O, murder, "What's the matter?" shouted Brad-

"O, I'm snake-bitten! I'm a dead man!" wailed Joe.
"Let me see," said Bradish, hurrying

to the spot and stooping to examine the man's leg. Pulling away his hands, and stripping the stocking down, a small bleeding puncture over the ankle-bone

"What kind of a snake was it?"
"A rattlesnake—O!" "Did you see it?"

"I heard it rattle. O, my goodness! I'm going fast! I'm turning blind!"
"Can't you see to get home, where you can get some whisky?" inquired Bradish, with a twitch of mischief round his mouth.

Joe was on his feet in a second, and sand, not far from the old Yorke manstarted off on a run.
"Put some hartshorn on the bite!" shouted Bradish after him, and turning

back to the raspberry bushes, he begin carefully to search after the snake. When he had satisfied himself, he walked to the house. Joe was on the floor, groaning and praying, and his master's wife was in a great worry about him. She had attended to his wants, so far as whisky and hartshorn could meet them, and his leg was bandaged till it looked as big as his body, but Joe still insisted that he should die. "Where is the pain?" inquired Brad-

"O, it's all over with me! In my feet, legs, arms, heart, throat, stomach, mouth, nose and eyes! O, I'm in tortures! I can't see!"

"Terrible!" said Bradish, with diffi-culty steadying his voice and features. "After you had gone I went to the spot where you said the snake bit you, and I got bitten myself."

said Bradish "I thought I wouldn't. But I found out what kind

of a snake it was. I saw its bill-and got a taste of it, too. It was a pretty sharp one."

"Yes, bill.' Your rattlesnake was

an old setting hea."
"Merciful Virgin!" ejaculated Joe.
"I ain't a-goin' to die!" and the big
coward leaped to his feet and tore the bandages from his leg. By this time the whole household had run into the room to see what was the matter, and seeing Joe dancing a jig all over the floor they thought he was crazy, and kept near the door. In a few moments, however, Bradish explained the cause of the uproar and Joe's frantic dancing, and they fairly laughed the fellow out

The Graduate. Now watch this young strnt of a youth as he comes forward with his essay on Rome. How full of life and proud grace is his step. How confident he is of the fact that he is about to elec-trify the world with his marvellous store of knowledge of ancient history. How bad he seems to feel because, in his opinion, the governments of the nineteenth century are unworthy to be com-pared to the governments of ancient Rome or Greece. In the eyes of this knowing youth the steam engine, electricity and the press are nothing com-pared to the ordinary palaces and monu-ments built by the hands of the miserable slaves of ancient times. If this youth had his way, how he would revo-lutionize affairs. How he would away with some of the prosy things of to-day, and in return restore to us the glory and grandeur of old Rome and old Greece. But the youth has his own way but for a moment, and therefore he breaks loose for all that's out. To-morrow he goes out into the great big world and gets lost. To-day he is too big even for the fine clothes he wears. To-mor-row his clothes will prove too much for him, therefore he will leave a part of them in the care of an uncle. We may never hear of him again, and he may turn up some day as a reformed drunkard, and again electrify us with his elo-quence. But the chances are that we are safe, that this ambitious youth will, on leaving the stage to-day, be inveigled into some large store where in the fu-ture he can devote his powers of oratory on dry goods boxes, and on his fellow workers in the basement. - Detroit

Southern Salt Market.

Mobile has become an important salt market, supplying a portion of the West with that article for various purposes. The salt is brought to that port from Avery's Island, eight or ten miles south of New Iberia, a small town on the cel-ebrated Bayou Teche. The salt is a solid rock mass, assaying ninety-nine per cent. of pure salt. It is without flaw, fissure or seam, and is composed of an aggregation of cubes of one-eighth to three-fourths inch. The salt rock weighs one hundred and twenty-eight pounds to the cubic foot. Wherever struck in the various borings the solid salt always appears directly underlying the surface, and is as solid and pure at its surface as at the bottom of the mine, seventy feet below. The deposit covers an area of one hundred and for-

Spoopendyke.

Boxing a Sewing-Machine "Say, my dear," observed Mr. Spoop-endyke, straightening up and scratch-ing his ear, "what did the man say about boxing up this sewing machine?"
"Why, he said to take the cover off

"I've got the cover off!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Did he say to take it off twice? Ain't once binding on this

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, "then you take the top off and—"
"Did that man say anything about boxing up this machine? That's what I asked you," vociferated Mr. Spoopen-"I know all about the cover and You can't teach me anything about the top and cover. I want some information about this dod-gasted bird-cage looking arrangement! Did he say whether I was to take that off of any-

"The machine goes in that," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "And then this slat-cover nails over it."

"Now that's the way I like to hear a woman talk," remarked Mr. Spoopen-dyke, betaking himself cheerily to his work. "If you'd always answer straight up we'd have been moved a week ago.

"But you must screw the top on the bottom of the top and tie the cover underneath," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, who, having been complimented on a detail, determined, womanlike, to know all

"What stable have you been boarding in now?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, dropping the hammer on his foot. "What asylum for indigent jackasses did you get that scriptural quotation from? How'm I going to screw the measly top on the dod gasted bottom of itself? Where's the screw that does that? Just jerk your thumb in the di-rection of the interconvertible screw that will screw a thing on in that way?" "Why, you just turn the top over on the bottom, the man said, and screw it

to the top; that—"
"Come over!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, tugging at the works, from which
he had neglected to take the thumbscrew. "Come over the way the man said for you to! Hear me! Come over! There can't any dod-gasted piece of seventy-dollar ingenuity get the best of the manufacturer when Spoopendyke's within reach! Come over and screw on the bottom, like the man said! Coming over?" and Mr. Spoopendyke's hands slipped, landing him on the back of his neck in the crate his wife had purchased

to box the machine in.
"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, trembling with apprehension for the safety of the machine. "Let the man come and do it himself if he

**Move the man! howed Mr. Spoopendyke, springing to his feet and moving on the works once more. "Think he can break this measly old cast-iron imitation of an inebriate home "O, dear!" grouned Joe. "Did you any quicker'n I can?" and he grasped the top of the instrument and hauled away till his eyes hung out. "Come on! O come where the glory of being screwed to the bottom of the top awaits thee. Come over and see this miracle of plastering the top and bottom of the same thing together as performed by Spoopendyke, the apostle of impossi-bilities! Come to the dod-!" But here the thumbscrew broke, driving Mr. Spoopendyke into the closet like a spike, where he sat holding the mutilated top

where he sat holding the mutilated top in his arms and looking dazed.

"Are you hurt, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, rushing toward him.

"Hurt!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Am I hurt? D'ye see that thumb-joint hanging to that measly screw? Wow-w-w!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, dancing to his feet, and dashing the machinery into the crate. "Get in there, quick!" and he tumbled the rest of the business. and he tumbled the rest of the business in after, where it struck cornerwise in spite of his effort to drive it in with his leg. "Is this what the man sam: and he jumped at it with both feet. "Bother pumped at it with both feet." "Is this what the man said?" and

tom appear to be coming any nearer to the top from where you stand?" and he whirled the crate around and then to Hackensack without scratching any paint off the farm-houses along the road?" and concentrating himself in one last effort Mr. Spoopendyke turned the crate over on the machine and

breathed hard. "You have done that splendidly," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxious to restore peace between Mr. Spoopendyke and the wreck of her sewing-machine. "It isn't exactly the way the man said, but I know-"

"O you know all about it!" "If I could build a front door and a veranda to your information, I'd stand you in a tub of salt water and start a summer-resort! O you're posted on what to do! You understand mechanics! Some day I'll fit you out with a price-list and a strike, and start a rolling-mill!" and Mr. Spoopendyke went for his hat, and

tore out of the room.
"It's pretty well scratched, but otherwise it's all right," commenced Mrs. Spoopendyke, examining the wreck. "And I'll get the man to box it. I think I'll put this bottle of ink in his light coat pocket. He'll want it as soon as he gets out there, and he'll find it as soon as he sits down!"

How To Make Koumiss.

Fill a quart champagne bottle up to the neck with pure milk, add two tablespoonfulls of white sugar, after dissolving the same in a little water over a hot fire; add also a quarter of a 2-cent cake of compressed yeast. Then tie the cork on the bottle securely, and shake the mixture well; place it in a room of the temperature of 50 to 95 degrees Fahren-heit for six hours, and finally in the icebox over night. Drink in such quantities as the stomach may desire. will be well to observe several important injunctions in preparing the koumiss, and they are: First, to be sure that the milk is pure; second, that the bottle is sound; third, that the yeast is fresh; fourth, to open the mixture in the morning with great care, on account of its thickened part resembling cheese, as must have one immediately, is one of this indicates that the fermentation has the things "" fellow can find out." been prolonged beyond the proper time.

An Exploded Fraud.

The Mecklenburg Declaration Shown to Be an

Another historic fraud, one which has been imposed upon the people of the United States for more than half a contury, has just been exposed by a writer in the New York Sun. The statement has been generally accepted, and has gone into most of our histories, that on May 29, 1775, some say May 31, 1775, a series of resolutions were adopted at a public meeting at Charlotte, Mecklenberg county, N. C., the language of which is so nearly identical with that of the Declaration of Independence as to warrant the claim of priority of action by the people of North Carolina, and the reference that Thomas Jefferson, in drafting the declaration of the Conti-nental Congress, copied for the most part the language of the Mecklenburg-

The Sun knocks the varn higher than Gilderoy's kite or Mother Shipton's prophecy. It shows that the first known of the mysterious document was in 1819, when it was published in Massachusetts papers. Then John Adams first heard of it; and not having the experience of the present day in regard to Morey let-ters and other forgeries, he was disposed to think it a genuine document. He wrote to Thomas Jefferson, asking how it was possible that the paper could have been concealed from him so long. Jefferson in reply pointed out its souri-Jefferson in reply pointed out its spuri-ous character, called attention to the fact that the names mentioned as present at the convention were dead, and added that no allusion to it had anywhere been made, prior to this publication in Massachusetts, whereas if any such important action had been taken, the whole State and country would have rung with it. Jefferson having decided it a hoax, gave himself no further con-

cern about it. The most positive testimony against it is internal evidence furnished by itself. If the claim made for it by North Carolinians be valid, then Jefferson quoted it in writing the Declaration of 1776, for a quarter of its words are found consecutively in the genuine document. The draft by Jefferson is of historic record, and so are the additions, changes of words and other amendments made when he submitted his draft to the consideration of the congress. But this Mecklenburg declaration has these changed and interpolated words in their regular order as they stand in the original Declaration—a most con-vincing proof that the Mecklenburg paper was made subsequent to the Declaration of 1776, instead of antedating the

latter more than a year.

Newspaper Work. A few years ago the newspaper pro-fession was looked down upon as noth-ing but a Geheuneh for the wrecks and cripples of other professions. A reporter was the very acme of social degrada-tion. Now, however, it is different. Every one of the young men who have just left some alma mater believes that away till his eyes hung out. "Come he can write, and that he has but to of-over to the dulcet bottom and be screwed for his services to be installed in some responsible position. How many are disappointed the walls of a newspaper office could relate were they able to speak. Newspaper work is not a mat-ter of writing, but of putting as many facts, and as much of them as is possible, in the briefest possible space. It takes a young man fresh from college a long time to find that out, and until that knowledge is obtained they have to suffer many a pang while seeing an editor's blue pencil making sad havoc with their elegant periods, nice illustrations and wordy introductions. If a man has not instinctively got an eye for news and the faculty of getting it expediously, he may "polish the sidewalks" for a lifetime and yet be no nearer the goal he started out to reach. The most remarkable thing, however, is the number of women who crowd into the profession of journalism by sheer persistency. Once a woman lays aside her natural reserve she becomes more pushing and irrepressible than a drum-mer and thus many succeed in actually forcing themselves into positions. As "Does that screw strike you as beginning to take hold? Got a notion that this machinery can be moved from here this machinery can be moved from here this machinery can be moved from here succeeded better than most men. But equally, as a rule, women make bad equally, as a rule, women make bad news writers. They are prolix, and the natural female inclination for post-scripts follows them throughout. Besides, they are generally awkward personages to have in an office. They are apt to be exacting and constantly claim privileges on the strength of the deference due a lady from a gentleman. City editors often find them the bane of their lives, and to male reporters there

are twenty unpopular to one popular female scribe.—The Hour.

If a man wishes to fully appreciate a shirt, he should select some nice warm evening in August, rush home, and find he has fifteen minutes to take a bath, dress, eat his supper, and catch the boat for the beach. Providing the tempera-ture is right, by the time he reaches his clean shirt he readily believes that beef is not the highest thing in the market, and mercury still holds its own.

Just as his head is completely enveloped, he finds the neck-band carefully pinned together, with the head of the piu on the outside, and each sleeve starched perfectly tight shut; and after overcoming these slight obstacles, he discovers all the buttons have left, his finger slips easily through the buttonholes, his collar-button quietly glides down the inside of his shirt, and when in a vain attempt to fasten his collar on a bone collar-button, the head comes off, and trickles slowly down the back of his neck, he actually feels warm. neck-band has an edge like a "rip" saw, and if he is fortunate enough to have a bosom "open in front," by the time he gets his studs through one eyelet, and vainly sounds for the other, his temperature is rising, and when almost finished, tries to button the sleeves, finds they come only half way below the el-bow, and he is compelled to realize that the shirt is not his, and was sent to him

by mistake, he is hot. Why, in the name of all that is reaeffervescent properties; fifth, not to sonable, a man can never find a clean, drink it at all if there is any curdle or whole shirt when he is in a hurry and